

City Sonnets

# *City Sonnets*

*A Collections of Early Poems*

*By Doug Tanoury*



FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



# City Sonnets

FUNKY DOG PUBLISHING



DETROIT, MICHIGAN USA



Printed on recycled paper

**© Doug Tanoury 2003  
All Rights Reserved**

Please note that the copyright on all of the work in this book remains the property of the author and poet Doug Tanoury. Any unauthorized use is forbidden. If you wish to use any work published in this collection in any publication please contact [dtanoury@comcast.net](mailto:dtanoury@comcast.net) for permission.

Cover Photograph: Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, Chicago Daily News negatives collection

## City Sonnets

City Sonnet I .....	4
Sketches I - A Study In Metaphor .....	5
Sketches II - A Study In Metaphor .....	6
City Sonnet II .....	7
July .....	8
Brush Strokes .....	9
Law Of The Jungle .....	10
Jacob .....	11
Winter Night .....	12
Bodies .....	13
Sleepwalking .....	14
Mason-Dixon Masters-Johnson Glory-Glory .....	15
Turtle Hunting With Butch .....	16
I Wanna be . . . ..	17
Humphrey Bogart Confessional Poem I .....	18
City Sonnet III .....	19
Detroit Drunk .....	20
Peter's Poem .....	21
Historical Inventory .....	22
Skylab Is Falling - A Heckler's Prayer .....	23
Song Of The Cedars .....	24
Matthew .....	25
Commuter Poem I – St. Joe's .....	26
Humphrey Bogart Confessional Poem II .....	27
Commuter Poem II - USDA .....	28
Reflections On Huron .....	29
City Sonnet IV .....	30
Lake Huron .....	31
Urban Ceramic .....	32
Bless My Feet .....	33
Basement Study .....	34
Pentecost Sunday .....	35
City Sonnet V .....	36
Woman In The Shower .....	37
Please .....	38
Construction .....	39
About Doug Tanoury .....	40

## City Sonnets

### City Sonnet I

What shall I do with my memories of you?  
All the yesterdays are 50-gallon drums  
Of toxic waste: soft quilted down filled  
Nights, barefoot on the carpet, running  
For coffee and cigarettes at 2 a.m.  
Head resting on my chest, bronze hair  
Polished with moonlight shining through  
The bedroom sheers, the jewelry box that  
Holds old love poems, brittle yellowed  
Sheets that line the drawers, under  
Cameo rings and carved coral earrings.  
Yes, all the yesterdays are leaky drums  
Of unstable mix that eats through the  
Amber of every new morning.

## City Sonnets

### Sketches I - A Study In Metaphor

The wind pounding ropes  
Against sailboat's masts  
Makes the music  
Of an oriental dance,  
As we walk hand-in-hand  
Along the pier,  
Past sleek hulls  
Rocking in their wells.

She stops for a moment  
Letting me watch a  
Sail out on the lake  
Inflate until bulging  
And bloated, like a  
Fat Italian woman  
In a too-tight corset  
Taking in  
A deep breath.

## City Sonnets

### Sketches II - A Study In Metaphor

A soup bowl  
Slipped off a serving tray  
In the cafeteria today,  
Vegetable and broth  
Puddled between pieces  
Of shattered white china  
That glistened  
Mother-of-pearl fashion  
In the bright  
Florescent light,  
Turning today's special  
Into a shellfish smashed  
Against the rocks.

## City Sonnets

### City Sonnet II.

Lying in the backyard hammock  
On summer nights still and quiet,  
Cool and dark, stretching out under  
The pear tree like the bones of  
St. Peter resting under the altar  
Of a big Roman basilica.  
Neither holy man nor saint,  
Just a secular hermit hiding from  
The world, from love and life,  
From time and change, hiding from  
Death that knows no right time,  
Wrong time, beg your pardon, 'scuse  
The interruption, but always barges in  
Like someone selling Britannica door to door.

## City Sonnets

### July

At night,  
The sprinkler on the front lawn  
Makes exotic sounds,  
Oscillating several streams of water.  
One insects,  
One birds,  
And another  
Distant native drums.  
All blending to create  
Background noises  
Of a jungle night.

The garden house  
And high-tech sprinkler  
Are a pipeline to dark  
And wild places,  
Listening to their Congo sounds  
Floating through the living room,  
And marveling at  
The white-man's magic.



## City Sonnets

### Brush Strokes

Cut flowers on the  
Table simple  
Blossoms

Of daffodils and tulips  
In a green glass  
Vase

Womanly gestures soften  
The hard edges  
Of me

Like a rose pink or pale  
Lavender twilight  
Washes

The streets changing  
Perspective  
By

Shifting shades cut flowers  
Brush soft against me  
A vision

Simple and touching like  
A woman wearing a  
Straw hat

## City Sonnets

### Law Of The Jungle

There are certain facts  
About me that startled her,  
As she saw me for the first time  
Hairy in my nakedness.  
She saw the strictly feeling part of me  
That hides behind the man  
Was an emotional gorilla  
With enormous needs and  
Animal wants, a powerful great ape  
Surprisingly sensitive  
And deeply vulnerable

She saw confusion, uncertainty  
And pain in me and was moved.  
And I saw I needed her  
As King-Kong needed Fay Ray,  
To somehow shelter me from  
What I don't understand,  
To reduce all problems and complexities  
To the simplest of emotional terms:  
To love and be loved.

## City Sonnets

### Jacob

I must have missed his passing  
He comes to no more  
Sunday

Dinners there was a whirlwind  
And then no him no  
Gray

Bearded framing a ready smile  
No comic no relief  
No high

Pitched laughter in the  
Aftermath of  
Quicker

Than the eye illusions I feel  
His absence the hand  
On my

Shoulder is gone I did not see  
It pull away but felt it  
Go and

Am left wondering how long until  
We eat like Arabs again  
Dipping

Fingers into a communal dish set  
Between us on the  
Table

## City Sonnets

### Winter Night

Headlights spotlight for a  
Moment snow lying  
Thick on

The next to nothing branches of  
A sapling like delicate  
Hands of

Young girls at Sunday service  
In white linen gloves with  
Lacey cuffs

Fragile branchlets meant to  
Support the weight of a  
Single sparrow

Hold a bridal train in lighter  
Than the night illusion  
Carry

It high and graceful in  
The darkness broken  
Only

For an instant by the  
High beams of a  
Turning car

## City Sonnets

### Bodies

Bodies intermeshed  
With fine precision  
Technical artistry,  
Like Swiss movements,  
Touching her, feeling the  
Soft smoothness of her  
Body against mine,  
Acting out all the laws  
Of Newtonian motion.

Hands touching her  
Tenderly, with respect  
And awe, holding her  
With delicate care,  
Gentle caution,  
Like my grandfather's  
Pocket watch.

## City Sonnets

### Sleepwalking

Footsteps echoing  
Down dim-lit halls,  
As dreams walk with  
Steel-cleated heels  
Across terrazzo floors  
On the mezzanine  
Of consciousness.

## City Sonnets

### Mason-Dixon Masters-Johnson Glory-Glory

My face nestled against her neck,  
Heart pounding like galloping hoof beats  
Of a company of cavalry,  
Breathing hard, taking in  
The smell of her skin,  
A trace of lilac, a hint of lavender.  
Making love with her  
Is like war between the sheets,  
I'm the North and she the South  
As we attempt with frantic urgency  
To determine who can most devastate  
The other. A house divided cannot  
Stand but must lay in union,  
Mouth on mouth, flesh on flesh,  
As kisses explode against her  
Breasts like an artillery barrage  
Falling on a farmer's field,  
A tactic used to soften  
Strategic positions.

Tongue blazing a trail across  
Her abdomen like Sherman's  
March to the sea, an elusive target  
Always moving, slowly undulating  
From the pelvis, pressing hot  
Against my lips, burning like  
Atlanta in flames. Her body is a  
Plantation where pleasure grows.  
The valleys and inclines of her  
An underground railroad where  
Fantasies escape the bondage of  
The brain and find freedom in  
The mortar-blasts of nerve endings.  
Sinking into her churning reaches  
Like the Merrimack engulfed  
In choppy seas, she unconditionally  
Surrenders:

Come, Johnny come, the war is over.  
Set the sex slave free.

## City Sonnets

### Turtle Hunting With Butch

There were days in August  
When we hunted turtles,  
Waiting for mid-afternoon  
When the sun was hottest.  
Some days I still see us there,  
Two boys in a wooden boat  
Rowing to the far side of the lake  
Where the tall reeds grew  
And turtles slept in the sun  
On fallen trees half sunken in  
The water.

Ores onboard, we sat quietly.  
My brother peering into the water,  
Fishing net in hand, as I sat  
Silently in the stern  
Watching dragonflies frozen  
For a moment in flight,  
Their bodies slender  
Tubes of hand-blown glass  
Filled with pale blue neon.

My attention slowly drifting  
Toward the water lilies,  
A jumping bass or the  
Shape of clouds, for I could not  
Sit quietly with concentrated intent  
Or wait as patiently as him.  
I never caught a turtle, but always  
Held them tightly, both hands  
Wrapped around their shells  
As Butch rowed us home.



## City Sonnets

### I Wanna be . . .

I want to be a successful survivalist,  
Sitting cozy in my basement bomb shelter  
With lead-lined walls, counting cans of  
Spam and sliced cling peaches, lounging  
About in my bathrobe, barefoot late into  
The afternoon, cleaning a shotgun that's  
Never been fired, running the pickup of  
The Geiger counter across the walls, and  
Trying to calculate the half-life of  
Plutonium on my mini-computer

I want to be a successful survivalist,  
Snacking on crackers and pimento olives,  
Watching "Star Wars" on the video recorder,  
With the volume turned up to shut out  
The faint tapping of someone on the  
Outside, pounding on the blast-proof  
Ceiling with a lead pipe or slab of  
Concrete, a slight noise, barely audible,  
Like a mouse scurrying across the attic  
Floor, annoying only because you know  
What it is.

I want to be a successful survivalist,  
Safe in my hideout in the holocaust,  
My air pocket in the apocalypse, lying  
Naked on a green army cot under a sun lamp,  
Listening to Beethoven's "Pastoral",  
Bathing in quadraphonic sound, trying not  
To think of her buried in the radio dust,  
Or maybe still alive, crawling through the  
Ruins, sick and hungry, balding, bleeding  
At the gums, perhaps pounding on my shelter  
With a hunk of rubble, lifting it with her  
Last strength.

I want to be a successful survivalist,  
Spending the nights calculating the  
Half-life of love.

## City Sonnets

### Humphrey Bogart Confessional Poem I

I'm enthralled by the myth of me.  
That cool, smooth: *"Hi, how are you?"*  
With real emotion, my I-care expressions.  
I'm growing happy with myself,  
As I play Casablanca like scenes,  
Confident that I know the lines,  
Planning to trump the world,  
Checkmate an unreasoning fate.

I want a simple pretty world  
Without remorse, without wasted time  
Or talent gone awry, a world where  
Intellect serves desire and everyone  
Serves themselves, I want the dark  
And cozy life of Rick's American Cafe  
Where all the world's problems fit  
Into a shot glass.

Where I can always say to favors asked:  
*"I don't get involved sweetheart."*

## City Sonnets

### City Sonnet III

Tongues the wings of office news  
Let fly the tale of me and you.  
Something wild is loose that  
Cannot be contained, like an ill  
Tempered dog finally free of  
Its chain and over the fence  
In one easy leap. The typist's  
Whispering in the lounge sounds  
Like canine panting, clerks giggling  
In the washroom documenting  
With mocking pen on tiled walls  
The shocking man bites dog details  
Of me and you, as we mock argue in the hall,  
Which of us the man and which the dog.

## City Sonnets

### **Detroit Drunk**

Stick this old drunk in the ground.  
He slept many a Detroit night  
Oblivious to the stars, after many  
A drunken day stumbling along city  
Sidewalks, and now he goes on  
His longest binge with death  
That great eternal hiccup  
That cannot be suppressed.  
Bury him with only a number  
To mark the spot where his lips  
Will forever lust for bottles of  
Amber glass.

## City Sonnets

### Peter's Poem

I asked her for his last poem  
Hanging on the wall  
And I thought: . . .  
"Like Joseph of Aramethia  
Petitioning Pilate for the  
Body of Christ."  
She snatched it down:  
"Petition granted."

I was a stranger to him,  
Yet it was special and  
Moving to me, so when  
I write my last poem  
Give it freely to strangers,  
Let no one ask  
Just give it away.

My last work containing  
All I am, all I was,  
All I would ever be,  
Retitle it: "Corpus Christi",  
for me, and just give it away  
For people who never  
Knew me to read.

## City Sonnets

### Historical Inventory

I'm far from being a Pericles,  
Diogenese, a Sophocles, Socrates,  
Alcibiades, Aristophanes,  
A Romulus, Augustus, Titus,  
Cattulus, a Gracchus, Fabius,  
A Marius, Solan or a Sulla,  
A Cato, Plato, Cicero or  
Caesar.

I'm more of a helot than a  
Homeric hero; I lacked the traits  
Revered in minstrel's songs  
Or chanted by the ancient bards  
In hundreds of exotic tongues  
In the heyday of antiquity.

But late at night in that  
Lullaby limbo, half awake and  
Half asleep, I hear the marching  
Of a host of men, the catcalls  
Of the Gauls, the grumbling of  
The Nubians and the trumpeting  
Of elephants high in the Alps.

## City Sonnets

### **Skylab Is Falling - A Heckler's Prayer**

*To commemorate the falling of Skylab in the summer of 1979*

Come on you space age restroom  
Come on home and roost  
Plop yourself down in my garden  
Cook my vegetables  
Splatter my tomatoes and squash  
Across three counties  
Rocket my radishes straight  
Through to China  
Come on you cosmic kitchen  
Come on and crash  
Let me wake up one morning  
And see you smoldering and  
Sizzling where my car is  
Suppose to be  
Come on lets see you  
Crush my Chrysler  
You billion-dollar derelict  
You starlight dancer  
Hit me while I'm bored and  
Sprawled out on my lawn  
On a summer night  
Hit me while I'm out there  
Half-asleep listening to the  
Couple next-door screaming  
And cursing at each other  
Come on swoop out of the sky  
Like a bird of prey and  
Snuff me out  
Those two next door won't even  
Notice your mass of molten metal  
Burning up the lawn  
Glowing red in the moonlight  
Their angry shouts will drown out  
The snap, crackle and pop  
Of me beneath you

## City Sonnets

### Song Of The Cedars

Your church bells ring shrill in the mountain air,  
Like a woman's cries lamenting the loss of her children,  
Your sons scattered as widely as your holy wood,  
Toward every point on a sailor's compass, your daughters  
Carried off to the hinterlands like Europa speeding off  
On the back of Zeus, yet the miles and years never dim  
Their memory of you, a mountain village hidden in the  
Shadows of the cedar groves, telling their children of  
The land they left and the magic trees that sucked up  
The spirit and strength of the mountains they grew on.

Cedars for boats manned by dark skinned sailors,  
Laden with colored glass and polished brass,  
Billowing crimson sails cutting across a purple sea  
In the twilight dawn of history, speeding west bound for  
Cyprus, Crete and Carthage, Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica,  
Out beyond the Pillars of Heracles, bouncing on the  
Tall waves of the Dark Sea in tiny boats of mountain wood.  
Cedars marked for Egypt and the tombs of pharaohs, the  
Babylonian palaces of Nebuchadnezzar and Tiglath-pileser,  
For Judea and Solomon's temple, the palaces of Byzantium,  
Mosques of Islam, crusader's castles, basilicas in Rome,  
Cathedrals in France, cedars tumbling down the slopes,  
The mountains echoing their fall, their thundering crash.

Your church bells ring shrill in the morning air,  
As sheep graze in the valley, and men ride donkeys  
Down winding trails, but your cedars are gone,  
Felled and spent years ago and have followed the  
Old Phoenician glory into the twilight dusk of antiquity,  
Olive groves now grace the slopes, and the only  
Thunder that echoes in the mountains are the sonic booms  
Of Syrian MIGs jetting over the snowcapped peaks.



## City Sonnets

### Matthew

He sits close to me  
On the living room floor  
When we watch television  
In the evening,  
Leaning his back against me  
As if I were a recliner  
As we sit quietly in closeness.

When we walk far back in the yard,  
Out by the apple tree,  
He asks me hard questions  
Like: "Where do apples come from?"  
Or: "*Who makes the grass?*"  
And to his questions  
I mostly answer, "God,  
*God does it boy.*"

He nods satisfied,  
Agrees and adds that God has  
Very long arms and  
Giant like legs to reach everything  
All at once, and I nod my head  
And we agree again.

## City Sonnets

### Commuter Poem I – St. Joe's

Silhouetted in sunrise,  
The gothic spires of  
Old St. Joseph's towers  
Through the fog, drifting  
Up in weightless harmony  
Of power and grace, each  
Stone cut with a Latin hymn,  
Hammered into place by  
A booming "Hosanna!".

## City Sonnets

### Humphrey Bogart Confessional Poem II

I want to take off  
My Bogart mask,  
My red cumberbun  
And white dinner jacket,  
Undo my bowtie,  
And for once,  
Just this once,  
I want to hold you  
In the same way  
That I need you.

You'd never know,  
Would you,  
That transforming  
Feelings into words  
Was my craft,  
A long practiced passion.  
(People are full  
Of contradictions.)  
So let me say  
That there is much  
I haven't said to you.  
The most important feelings  
Have gone unexpressed.

It's too late now,  
No matter what I say  
Or how tightly I hold you,  
I've got a feeling  
Something's going to happen  
That you have never  
Seen before.  
I think Bogart's  
Going to cry.

## City Sonnets

### **Commuter Poem II - USDA**

Standing in a crowded bus,  
Gripping the overhead rail,  
Swaying like a whole side  
Of beef dangling from a  
Freezer hook, feeling bodies  
Press against me as the  
Coach rolls.

## City Sonnets

### Reflections On Huron

The lake is calm tonight,  
The waves whisper soft against the shore,  
Exhaling quiet sighs like  
Satisfied lovers floating off to sleep.  
The moon lies fair  
Upon your hair, come sit on the sand,  
Smell the night breeze, the  
Lakes breath sprinkled with the homesick  
Dreams of sleeping sailors;  
Listen, hear the chamber music of the  
Water coyly probing the land,  
Like the trembling hands of a virgin bride  
On a midnight voyage of  
Discovery; Sappho heard it long ago on  
The island shores of Lesbos,  
And it brought to mind a lover's touch,  
A brushing, barely touching  
Like tremulous fingers trailing lightly  
Along her skin; we also feel  
It sitting here on the shores of this  
Great inland sea, the lake  
Stretching out before us, sleeping in  
Stillness like a dreaming lover,  
Even more beautiful in sleep; ringlets  
Of moonlight bubble on the  
Wavelets softly patting the sand in  
A slow steady beat, like a mother gently  
Patting her baby's back,  
Rocking, slowly rocking; feel the water's  
Lulling touch washing tones of  
Tenderness, and not a note of sadness in;  
Let's be true to love,  
You and me, never forgetting that even  
In the darkest night,  
There's light, joy, love, peace and  
Help from pain, for you  
Know the world is only partially insane;  
Let's put aside our childish  
Fright, forget the things that clash  
In the night.

## City Sonnets

### City Sonnet IV

I collect pieces of time like the seashells  
That line the shadowbox echoing forever  
The sound of the surf. The what was and  
Them that were are so many Rockwell  
Prints hung along the low walls of consciousness,  
Butterflies in a glass mounting far  
From the wildflowers , beyond the fields,  
Gathering moments like a housewife  
Collecting Hummels, turning them delicately  
Fingers gently brushing the fine details,  
Emotions frozen on porcelain faces.  
The painted eyes holding the knowledge  
That the sea resounds in tiny shells and  
Memory is the hearts highest function.

## City Sonnets

### Lake Huron

Something draws me  
To this stony beach in autumn  
To fill my pockets with  
Fossil mollusks, sponges,  
Coral and all Precambrian  
Squiggly crawlys  
Frozen in limestone.

Fossils always make me  
Thoughtful, that a bit of life  
Lies frozen in the clay,  
An invertebrate version of  
Lot's wife, Godless little  
Creatures good only for gravel,  
Or to end in the pockets of a  
Thirteen-year-old boy.

I remember this beach  
When the fossils were younger  
And I used to walk down to  
Watch the October sun rise  
Over the waves before I'd  
Walk to the highway and wait  
For the school bus, my pockets  
Bulging with quartz filled sponges  
And crystallized coral.

Something draws me to this beach  
In autumn, leads me through  
Sedimentary outcroppings formed  
By running time, illustrating all  
The strata of me and fossil  
Fragments exposed to the waves.

## City Sonnets

### Urban Ceramic

All my images  
Have been kiln dried,  
Fractured like potter's clay  
Let bake too long,  
A poor imitation,  
A caricature distortion  
Of a Grecian urn,  
Not polychromed,  
Depicting no heroic Heracles,  
No Ledo and the swan,  
No Echo, No Narcissus,  
No myth.  
No pictures,  
No story,  
But sitting dull gray,  
Fracture lines thin  
As Gossamer.  
These days I am a clay vase  
Forgotten at the well.



## City Sonnets

### Bless My Feet

Lord, bless my feet,  
Shed your divine grace,  
On these dusty old dogs,  
That I might sidestep sadness,  
Pivot around pain,  
And tango wildly just  
Out of tragedy's reach.

Lord, bless my feet,  
Buttress these fallen arches,  
Grant them swiftness  
Like the winged ankles of Hermes,  
Let me fly from misfortune  
And book from badness  
In its many forms.

Lord, bless my feet,  
So I may can-can in a chorus  
Of catastrophes and be untouched,  
Let me always stay in step  
With those I love, so I may  
Dance happily through life  
Amen.

## City Sonnets

### Basement Study

It's easier for a pickup  
To pass through the eye  
Of a needle than for me  
To write a poem, go  
Stick my heart in the  
Microwave and press the  
Timed-cook button  
For there's no poetry,  
Nothing sacred left in me.

The dampness in the basement  
Makes the ditto copies fade.  
All my words are running,  
Accelerated by wet and mildew,  
Until everything is just  
So many blue smudges  
Stuffed in basement boxes  
With dolls with no heads  
And kiddy's pallets of dried,  
Cracked watercolors and  
Brushes short of bristles.

## City Sonnets

### Pentecost Sunday

I find myself singing out loud  
With the children at Sunday  
Morning Mass, Where before  
Only my lips moved in half -  
Whispers. I notice my knee  
Now touches the tile floor  
Of the nave when I genuflect.  
And I feel quietly changed.  
As the priest an his prayers  
Suddenly hold meaning  
And move me in ways that  
Approach fine poetry.

## City Sonnets

### City Sonnet V

You must be more than a classic sculpture, a fine  
Portrait, an object of art. No illusion, no semblance  
Of life. Your breasts must rise and fall, you must live,  
If only in these lines.  
Long after all who we know have passed into  
Chiseled letters on weathered gray granite,  
School children will see you leaning  
On the kitchen counter, wearing a faded flower  
Print housedress and squinting your eyes against  
The sunlight shining through the big window.  
No goddess, no divine feminine figure, no Venus  
Rising, but flesh and bone you'll live  
Because whenever pen touches paper the bottom line's  
Been you.

## City Sonnets

### Woman In The Shower

The shower curtain inhales deep  
And swells as she steps in.  
Leaning, hands softly pressing the  
White ceramic tile in delicate balance,  
Standing, back arched, head tossed back  
Glistening in the water beads  
Like a fine marble figure in a  
Renaissance fountain, alone in the  
First dim light of sunrise  
On the palazzo.

## City Sonnets

### Please

Lord,  
How will you go about converting me,  
Will you poke my brains with burning  
Dreams, will you jab around in my chest  
Like one trying to kindle an old fire,  
Will you set me thrashing, sweating in  
My bed, crying out in my sleep like  
Scrooge on Christmas Eve, will you  
Shatter me like a mirror by holding  
Up an image of the man I might have been,  
Or will you strike me from my horse,  
Send me groping blindly in the dust of  
Some Damascus road?

I'm much too stubborn for lightning bolts  
And thunder, you've got to take a subtle  
Approach with me, come on soft and sweet,  
Move me tenderly, hit me full force with  
A fistful of feathers in a velvet glove,  
Touch me gently like flakes of snow that  
Melt on the lips, pound me with a summer  
Rain, humble me with a  
plague of tulips,  
Chastise me God,  
Blast me with a warm breeze on a  
Spring morning.

## City Sonnets

### Construction

I want strong action verbs,  
That show the skilled workmanship  
Of a master craftsman and hold up  
A line of verse like Doric pillars  
Carved from white marble,  
Massive and powerful enough  
To stand forever.

I want stanzas built to the  
Beautifully classic proportions  
Of a Greek temple,  
A poem of careful construction,  
Built like a Roman road  
To take the reader  
I don't know where.

## City Sonnets

### About Doug Tanoury



Doug Tanoury is primarily a poet of the Internet with the majority of his work never leaving electronic form. His verse can be read at electronic magazines and journals across the world. Collections of poetry by Doug Tanoury can be found at Funky Dog Publishing

<http://www.funkydoggpublishing.com> and Athens Avenue  
<http://mywebpages.comcast.net/dtanoury1/Athens/index.htm>

This and other ebook collections of Doug Tanoury's poetry can be read and downloaded at: <http://home.comcast.net/~dtanoury1/Tanoury.html>

Doug grew up in Detroit, Michigan and still lives in the area.

Doug Tanoury credits his 7th grade poetry anthology from Sister Debra's English class, Reflections On A Gift Of Watermelon Pickle And Other Modern Verse, (Stephen Dunning, Edward Lueders and Hugh Smith, (c) 1966 by Scott Foresman & Company) as exerting the greatest influence on his work. He still keeps a copy of it at his writing desk.